

A

Learned Dissertation
ON
DUMPLING

ITS

Dignity, Antiquity, and Excellence,

With a Word upon

PUDDING.

AND

Many other Useful DISCOVERIES,
Of great Benefit to the Publick.

To which is added,

NAMBY PAMBY:

A PANEGYRIC on the New Verification,
address'd to A— P— Esq;

*Quid Fartio melius?**Hinc suam agnoscat corpus energiam,**Suam aciem mens:**— Hinc adoleverunt praestantissimi,**Hi Fartophagi in Reipublica commodum.**Mab. de Fartophagis, lib. iii. cap. 2.*

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Tho. Worrall, at the Judge's Head over against St.
Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet; and sold by E. Nutt under the
Royal-Exchange, A. Dodd without Temple-Bar, and N. Bland-
ford at the London Gazette, Charing-Cross. 1727.





TO

Mr. BRAUND.

SIR,



ET Mercenary Authors flatter the Great, and subject their Principle to Interest and Ambition, I scorn such sordid Views; You only are Eminent in my Eyes: On you I look as the most useful Member in a Body-Politic, and your Art far superior to all others. Therefore,

Tu mihi Mecænas Eris!

O BRAUND, my Patron! my Pleasure! my Pride! disdain not to grace my Labours with a kind Perusal, Suspend a while your more momentous Cares, and condescend to taste this little Fricassee of Mine.

I write not this, to bite you by the Ear, (i. e.) flatter you out of a Brace or two of Guineas; No, as I am a true Dumpling-Eater, my Views are purely Epicurean, and my utmost Hopes center'd in partaking of some elegant Quelque Chose, tost up by your judicious Hand. I regard Money but as a Ticket which admits me to your delicate Entertainments; to me much more agreeable than all the Monkey-Tricks of Rival Harlequins, or Puppet-Show Finery of contending Theatres.

The

DEDICATION.

The Plague and Fatigue of Dependance and Attendance, which call me so often to the Court-end of the Town, were insupportable, but for the Relief I find at AUSTIN's, your Ingenious and Grateful Disciple, who has adorn'd New-Bond-Street with your Graceful Effigies. Nor can he fail of Custom, who has hung out a Sign so alluring to all true Dumpling-Eaters. Many a time and oft have I gaz'd with Pleasure on your Features, and trac'd in them the exact Lineaments of your glorious Ancestor Sir JOHN BRAND, vulgarly call'd Sir JOHN PUDDING.

Tho' the Corruption of our English Orthography indulges some appearance of Distinction between BRAND and BRAUND, yet in Effect they are one and the same thing. The antient Manor of BRAND's, alias BRAUND's near Kilburn in Middlesex, was the very Manor-House of Sir JOHN BRAND, and is called BRAND's to this Day, although at present it be in the Possession of the Family of MARSH.

What Honours are therefore due to one who is in a direct Male Line, an immediate Descendant from the Loins of that Great Man! Let this teach You to value your Self; this remind the World, how much they owe to the Family of the BRAUNDS; more particularly to You, who inherit not only the Name, but the Virtues of Your illustrious Ancestor. I am,

S I R,

With all imaginable

Esteem and Gratitude,

Your very most

Obedient Servant, &c.



A
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ON
DUMPLING:
ITS
Dignity, Antiquity, &c.



THE Dumpling-Eaters are a Race sprung partly from the old *Epicurean*, and partly from the *Peripatetic Sect*; they were brought first into *Britain* by *Julius Caesar*; and finding it a Land of Plenty, they wisely resolv'd never to go Home again. Their Doctrines are amphibious, and compos'd *Party per Pale* of the two Sects beforemention'd; from the *Peripatetics*, they derive their Principle

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ciple of Walking, as a proper Method to digest a Meal, or create an Appetite; from the *Epicureans*, they maintain that all Pleasures are comprehended in good Eating and Drinking: And so readily were their Opinions embrac'd, that every Day produc'd many Profelytes; and their Numbers have from Age to Age increased prodigiously, in so much that our whole Island is over-run with them at present. Eating and Drinking being so Customary among us, that we seem to have entirely forgot, and laid aside the old Fashion of Fasting: Instead of having Wine sold at Apothecaries Shops, as formerly, every Street has two or three Taverns in it, lest these Dumpling-Eaters should faint by the Way; nay, so zealous are they in the Cause of *Bacchus*, that one of the Chief among 'em has made a Vow never to say his Prayers till he has a *Tavern* of his own in every Street in *London*, and in every Market-Town in *England*. What may we then in Time expect? Since by insensible Degrees, their Society is become so numerous and formidable, that they are without Number: other Bodies have their Meetings, but where can the Dumpling-Eaters assemble? What Place large enough to contain 'em? The *Bank*, *India*, and *South-Sea* Companies have their General Courts, the *Free-Masons* and the *Gormogons* their Chapters;

ters; nay, our Friends the *Quakers* have their Yearly Meetings. Who would imagine any of these should be Dumpling-Eaters? But thus it is, the Dumpling-Eating Doctrine has so far prevail'd among 'em, that they eat not only Dumplings, but *Puddings*; and those in no small Quantities.

The Dumpling is indeed, of more antient Institution, and of *Foreign* Origin, but alas, what were those Dumplings? Nothing but a few Lentils sodden together, moisten'd and cemented with a little seeth'd Fat, not much unlike our Gritt or Oatmeal Pudding; yet were they of such Esteem among the antient *Romans*, that a Statue was erected to *Fulvius Agricola*, the first Inventor of these Lentil Dumplings. How unlike the Gratitude shewn by the Publick to our Modern Projectors?

The *Romans*, tho' our Conquerors, found themselves much out-done in Dumplings by our Fore-Fathers; the *Roman* Dumplings being no more to compare to those made by the *Britons*, than a Stone-Dumpling is to a Marrow Pudding, tho' indeed, the *British* Dumpling at that Time, was little better than what we call a Stone-Dumpling, nothing else but Flower and Water: But every Generation growing wiser and wiser, the

Project was improv'd, and Dumpling grew to be Pudding: One Projector found Milk better than Water; another introduc'd Butter; some added Marrow, others Plumbs; and some found out the Use of Sugar; so that, to speak Truth, we know not where to fix the Genealogy or Chronology of any of these Pudding Projectors, to the Reproach of our Historians, who eat so much Pudding, yet have been so ungrateful to the first Professors of this most noble Science, as not to find 'em a Place in History.

The Invention of Eggs was merely accidental, two or three of which having casually roll'd from off a Shelf into a Pudding, which a good Wife was making, she found herself under a Necessity either of throwing away her Pudding, or letting the Eggs remain; but concluding from the innocent Quality of the Eggs, that they would do no Hurt, if they did no Good, she wisely jumbld 'em all together, after having carefully pick'd out the Shells: The Consequence is easily imagined, the Pudding became a Pudding of Puddings; and the Use of Eggs from thence took its Date. The Woman was sent for to Court to make Puddings for King *John*, who then sway'd the Scepter; and gain'd such Favour, that she was the making of her whole Family. I cannot conclude

clude this Paragraph without owning, I receiv'd this important Part of the History of Pudding from old Mr. *Lawrence* of *Wilsden-Green*, the greatest Antiquary of the present Age.

From that Time the *English* became so famous for Puddings, that they are call'd Pudding-Eaters all over the World, to this Day.

At her Demise, her Son was taken into Favour, and made the King's chief Cook; and so great was his Fame for Puddings, that he was called *Jack Pudding* all over the Kingdom, tho' in Truth, his real Name was *John Brand*, as by the Records of the Kitchen you will find: This *John Brand*, or *Jack Pudding*, call him which you please, the *French* have it *Jean Boudin*, for his Fame had reach'd *France*, whose King would have given the World to have had our *Jack* for his Pudding-Maker. This *Jack Pudding*, I say, became yet a greater Favorite than his Mother, insomuch that he had the King's Ear as well as his Mouth at Command; for the King, you must know, was a mighty Lover of Pudding, and *Jack* fitted him to a Hair; he knew how to make the most of a pudding; no Pudding came amiss to him; he would make a Pudding

ding out of a Flint-stone, comparatively speaking. It is needless to enumerate the many sorts of Pudding he made, such as Plain Pudding, Plumb Pudding, Marrow Pudding, Oatmeal Pudding, Carrot Pudding, Saucefage Pudding, Bread Pudding, Flower Pudding, Suet Pudding; and in short, every Pudding but Quaking Pudding, which was solely invented by, and took its Name from our Good Friends of the *Bull-and-Mouth* beforementioned, notwithstanding the many Pretenders to that Projection.

But what rais'd our Hero most in the Esteem of this Pudding-eating Monarch, was his Second Edition of Pudding, he being the first that ever invented the Art of broiling Puddings, which he did to such Perfection, and so much to the King's liking, (who had a mortal Aversion to cold Pudding) that he thereupon instituted him Knight of the Gridiron, and gave him a Gridiron of Gold, the Ensign of that Order, which he always wore as a Mark of his Sovereign's Favour: In short, *Jack Pudding*, or Sir *John*, grew to be all in all with good King *John*; he did nothing without him, they were Finger and Glove; and, if we may believe Tradition, our very good Friend had no small Hand in the *Magna Charta*. If so, how much are all *Englishmen* indebted

to him? In what Repute ought the Order of the Gridiron to be, which was instituted to do Honour to this wonderful Man? But alas! how soon is Merit forgot? How impudently do the Vulgar turn the most serious things into Ridicule, and mock the most solemn Trophies of Honour? For now every Fool at a Fair, or Zany at a Mountebank's Stage, is call'd *Jack Pudding*, has a Gridiron at his Back, and a great Pair of Spectacles at his Buttocks, to ridicule the most noble Order of the Gridiron: Which Spectacles are the most ungrateful Reflection on the Memory of that great Man, whose indefatigable Application to his Business, and deep Study in that occult Science, render'd him Poreblind; to remedy which Misfortune, he had always a 'Squire follow'd him, bearing a huge Pair of Spectacles, to saddle his Honour's Nose, and supply his much lamented Defect of Sight. But whether such an Unhappiness deserves not rather Pity than Ridicule, I leave to the Determination of all good Christians: I cannot but say, it raises my Indignation, when I see these Paunch-gutted Fellows usurping the Title and Achievements of my dear Sir *John*, whose Memory I so much venerate, nor can I always contain my self. I remember to my Cost, I once carried my Resentment a little farther

farther than ordinary, in furiously assaulting one of those Rascals; I tore the Gridiron from his Back, and the Spectacles from his A—e; for which I was apprehended, carried to Pye-Powder Court, and by that tremendous Bench, sentenc'd to most severe Pains and Penalties.

This has indeed a little tam'd me, inso-much that I keep my Fingers to my self; but at the same time let my Tongue run like a Devil: Forbear vile Miscreants, cry I, where-e'er I meet these Wretches; forbear to ascribe to your selves the Name and Honours of Sir *John Pudding*; content your selves with being *Zanies*, *Pickled-Herrings*, *Punchionellos*, but dare not scandalize the noble Name of *Pudding*: Nor can I, notwithstanding the Clamours and ill Usage of the Vulgar, refrain bearing my Testimony against this manifest Piece of Injustice.

What Pity it is therefore, so noble an Order should be lost, or at least neglected. We have had no Account of the real Knights of the Gridiron, since they appear'd under the fictitious Name of the *Kit-Kat Club*: In their Possession was the very Gridiron of Gold, worn by Sir *John* himself; which Identical Gridiron dignified the Breast
of

of the most ingenious Mr. *Richard Estcourt*, that excellent Physician and Comedian, who was President of that Noble Society.

Quis talia fando temperet à Lachrymis?

What is become of the Gridiron, or of the Remains of that excellent Body of Men, Time will, I hope, discover. The World, I believe, must for such Discoveries be obliged to my very good Friend *J — T —* Esq; who had the Honour to be Door-keeper to that Honourable Assembly.

But to return to Sir *John*: The more his Wit engag'd the King, the more his Grandeur alarm'd his Enemies, who encreas'd with his Honours. Not but the Courtiers caress'd him to a Man, as the first who had brought Dumpling-eating to Perfection. King *John* himself lov'd him entirely, being of *Cæsar's* Mind, that is, he had a natural Antipathy against Meagre, Herring-gutted Wretches; he lov'd only *Fat-headed Men, and such who slept o' Nights*; and of such was his whole Court compos'd. Now it was Sir *John's* Method, every *Sunday* Morning, to give the Courtiers a Breakfast, which Breakfast was every Man his Dumpling and Cup of Wine; for you must know, he

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was

was Yeoman of the Wine-Cellar at the same time.

This was a great Eye-fore and Heart-burning to some lubberly Abbots, who loung'd about the Court; they took it in great Dudgeon they were not Invited, and stuck so close to his Skirts, that they never rested till they outed him. They told the King, who was naturally very Hasty, that Sir *John* made-away with his Wine, and feasted his Paramours at his Expence; and not only so, but that they were forming a Design against his Life, which they in Conscience ought to discover: That Sir *John* was not only an Heretic, but an Heathen; nay worse, they fear'd he was a Witch, and that he had bewitch'd his Majesty into that unaccountable Fondness for a *Pudding-Maker*. They assured the King, that on a *Sunday* Morning, instead of being at Mattins, he and his Trigrimates got together Hum-jum, all snug, and perform'd many Hellish and Diabolical Ceremonies. In short, they made the King believe that the Moon was made of Green-Cheese: And to shew how the Innocent may be Bely'd, and the best Intentions misrepresented, they told the King, That He and his Associates offer'd Sacrifices to *Ceres*: When, alas, it was only the Dumplings they eat.

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The Butter which was melted and pour'd over them, these vile Miscreants call'd *Libations*: And the friendly Computations of our Dumpling-eaters, were call'd *Bacchanalian Rites*. Two or three among 'em being sweet-tooth'd, would strew a little Sugar over their Dumplings; this was represented as an *Heathenish Offering*. In short, not one Action of theirs, but what these Rascally Abbots made Criminal, and never let the King alone 'till poor Sir *John* was Discarded. Not but the King did it with the greatest Reluctance; but they had made it a Religious Concern, and he could not get off on't.

But mark the Consequence: The King never enjoy'd himself after, nor was it long before he was poison'd by a Monk at *Swineshead* Abbey. Then too late he saw his Error; then he lamented the Loss of Sir *John*; and in his latest Moments would cry out, Oh! that I had never parted from my dear *Jack Pudding*! Wou'd I had never left off Pudding and Dumpling! I then had never been thus basely Poison'd! Never thus treacherously sent out of the World! — Thus did this good King lament: But, alas, to no Purpose, the Priest had given him his Bane, and Complaints were ineffectual.

Sir *John*, in the mean time, had retir'd into *Norfolk*, where his diffusive Knowledge extended it self for the Good of the County in general; and from that very Cause *Norfolk* has ever since been so famous for Dumplings. He lamented the King's Death to his very last; and was so cautious of being poison'd by the Priests, that he never touch'd a Wafer to the Day of his Death: And had it not been that some of the less-designing Part of the Clergy were his intimate Friends, and eat daily of his Dumplings, he had doubtless been Made-away with; but they stood in the Gap for him, for the sake of his Dumplings, knowing that when Sir *John* was gone, they should never have the like again.

But our facetious Knight was too free of his Talk to be long secure; a Hole was pick'd in his Coat the succeeding Reign, and poor Sir *John* had all his Goods and Chattels forfeited to the King's Use. It was then time for him to bestir himself; and away to Court he goes, to recover his Lands, &c. not doubting but he had Friends there sufficient to carry his Cause.

But alas! how was he mistaken; not a Soul there knew him; the very Porters used

used him rudely. In vain did he seek for Access to the King, to vindicate his Conduct. In vain did he claim Acquaintance with the Lords of the Court; and reap up old Civilities, to remind 'em of former Kindness; the Pudding was eat, the Obligation was over: Which made Sir *John* compose that excellent Proverb, *Not a Word of the Pudding*. And finding all Means ineffectual, he left the Court in a great Pet; yet not without passing a severe Joke upon 'em, in his way, which was this: He sent a Pudding to the King's Table, under the Name of a *Court-Pudding*, or *Promise-Pudding*. This Pudding he did not fail to set off with large Encomiums, assuring the King, that therein he would find an Hieroglyphical Definition of Courtiers Promises and Friendship.

This caused some Speculation; and the King's Physician debarr'd the King from tasting the Pudding, not knowing but that Sir *John* had poison'd it.

But how great a Fit of Laughter ensu'd, may be easily guess'd, when the Pudding was cut up, it prov'd only a large Bladder, just clos'd over with Paste: The Bladder was full of Wind, and nothing else, excepting these Verses written in a Roll of Paper,
and

and put in, as is suppos'd, before the Bladder was blown full :

As Wynde in a Bladder ppent,
is Lordings prompte and ferment;
sain what hem lust withouten drede,
they bene so double in her falshe de:
For then in heart can think ene thing,
And sain another in her speaking:
and what was sweet and apparent,
is smoterlich, and eke pshent;
and when of service you have nede,
pardie he will not rew nor rede.
But when the Symnel it is eten,
her curtesie is all forgetten.

This Adventure met with various Constructions from those at Table: Some Laugh'd, others Frown'd. But the King took the Joke by the right End, and Laugh'd outright.

The Verses, tho' but scurvy ones in themselves, yet in those Days pass'd for tolerable. Nay, the King was mightily pleased with 'em, and play'd 'em off on his Courtiers as Occasion serv'd; he would stop 'em short in the middle of a flattering Harrangue, and cry, *Not a Word of the Pudding*. This would daunt and mortify 'em to the last Degree; they curs'd Sir *John* a thousand times over for the Proverb's sake: But to
no

no Purpose: The King gave him a private Hearing, in which he so well satisfy'd his Majesty of his Innocence and Integrity, that all his Lands were restor'd. The King would have put him in his old Post; but he modestly declin'd it, but at the same time presented his Majesty with a Book of most excellent Receipts for all kinds of Puddings: Which Book his Majesty receiv'd with all imaginable Kindness, and kept it among his greatest Rarities.

But yet, as the best Instructions, tho' never so strictly follow'd, may not be always as successfully executed, so not one of the King's Cooks could make a Pudding like Sir *John*; nay, tho' he made a Pudding before their Eyes, yet they out of the very same Materials could not do the like. Which made his old Friends the Monks attribute it to Witchcraft, and it was currently reported the Devil was his Helper. But good King *Harry* was not to be fobb'd off so; the Pudding was good, it sat very well on his Stomach, and he eat very favourly, without the least Remorse of Conscience.

In short, Sir *John* grew in Favour in spite of their Teeth: The King lov'd a merry Joke; and Sir *John* had always

ways his Budget full of Puns, Connundrums and Carrawitchets; not to forget the Quibbles and Fly-flaps he play'd against his Adversaries, at which the King has laugh'd 'till his Sides crack'd.

Sir *John*, tho' he was no very great Scholar, yet had a happy way of expressing himself: He was a Man of the most Engaging Address, and never fail'd to draw Attention. Plenty and good-Nature smil'd in his Face: his Muscles were never distorted with Anger or Contemplation, but an eternal Smile drew up the Corners of his Mouth: his very Eyes laugh'd; and as for his Chin it was three-double, a-down which, hung a goodly Whey-colour'd Beard, shining with the Drippings of his Luxury; for you must know he was a great Epicure, and had a very Sensible Mouth: he thought nothing too-good for himself, all his Care was for his Belly; and his Palate was so exquisite, that it was the perfect Standard of Tasting: So that to him we owe all that is elegant in Eating: For Pudding was not his only Talent, he was a great Virtuoso in all manner of Eatables; and tho' he might come short of *Lambert* for Confectionary-Niceties, yet was he not inferiour to *Braznd*, *Lubec*, *Pede*, or any other great Masters of Cookery: he could toss up a Fricassee as well as a Pancake:

cake: And most of the Kickshaws now in vogue, are but his Inventions, with other Names; for what we call *Fricassees*, he call'd *Pancakes*; as, a Pancake of Chickens, a Pancake of Rabbits, &c. Nay, the *French* call a Pudding an *English Fricassee*, to this Day.

We value our selves mightily for roasting a Hare with a Pudding in its Belly; when, alas, he has roasted a whole Ox with a Pudding in his Belly. There was no Man like him for Invention and Contrivance: And then for Execution, he spar'd no Labour and Pains to compass his magnanimous Designs.

O wou'd to Heaven this little Attempt of mine may stir up some *Pudding-headed Antiquary* to dig his Way through all the mouldy Records of Time, and bring to Light the noble Actions of Sir *John*! It will not then be long before we see him on the Stage. Sir *John Falstaffe* will then be a Shrimp to Sir *John Pudding*, when rais'd from Oblivion, and re-animated by the All-Invigorating Pen of the Well-Fed, Well-read, Well-Pay'd C—J—Esq; Nor wou'd this be all; the Pastry-Cooks wou'd from the Hands of an eminent Physician and Poet receive whole Loads of

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Memo-

Memorandums to remind 'em of the Gratitude due to Sir *John's* Memory.

On such a Subject I hope to see Sir *Richard* Out-do himself. Nor *Arthur* nor *Eliza* shall with Sir *John* compare. There is not so much Difference between a Telescope and a Powder-Puff, a Hoop-Petty-Coat and a Farthing-Candle, a Birch-Broom and a Diamond-Ring, as there will be between the former Writings of this pair of Poets and their Lucubrations on this Head.

Nor will it stop here: The *Opera* Composers shall have t'other Contest, which shall best sing-forth his Praises. Sorry am I that *Nicolino* is not here, he would have made an excellent Sir *John*. But *Senesino*, being blown up after the manner that Butchers blow Calves, may do well enough. From thence the Painters and Print-sellers shall retail his goodly Phiz; and what *Sacheverel* was, shall Sir *John Pudding* be; his Head shall hang elate on every Sign, his Fame shall ring in every Street, and *Cluer's* Press shall teem with Musick to his Praise. This would be but Honour, this but Gratitude, from a Generation so much indebted to so great a Man.

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But alas! How much do we deviate from Honour and Gratitude, when we put other Names to his Inventions, and call 'em our own? What is a Tart, a Pie, or a Pasty, but Meat or Fruit enclos'd in a Wall or covering of Pudding. What is a Cake, but a bak'd Pudding; or a *Christmas-Pie*, but a minc'd Meat-Pudding. As for Cheefe-cakes, Custards, Tansies, &c. they are manifest Puddings, and all of Sir *John's* own Contrivance; Custard being as old if not older than *Magna Charta*. In short, Pudding is of the greatest Dignity and Antiquity; Bread it self, which is the very Staff of Life, being, properly speaking, a bak'd Wheat-Pudding.

To the Satchel, which is the Pudding-Bag of Ingenuity, we are indebted for the greatest Men in Church and State. All Arts and Sciences owe their Original to Pudding or Dumpling. What is a Bag-Pipe, the Mother of all Music, but a Pudding of Harmony; Or what is Music it self, but a palatable Cookery of Sounds. To little Puddings or Bladders of Colours we owe all the choice Originals of the greatest Painters: And indeed, what is Painting, but a well-spread Pudding, or Cookery of Colours.

The Head of Man is like a Pudding :
 And whence have all Rhimes, Poems,
 Plots and Inventions sprang, but from
 that same Pudding. What is Poetry, but
 a Pudding of Words. The Physicians,
 tho' they cry out so much against Cooks
 and Cookery, yet are but Cooks themselves;
 with this Difference only, the Cooks
 Pudding lengthens Life, the Physicians
 shortens it. So that we live and die by
 Pudding. For what is a Clyster, but a Bag-
 Pudding; a Pill, but a Dumpling; or a
 Bolus but a Tansy, tho' not altogether so
 Toothsome. In a Word, Physick is only
 a Puddingizing or Cookery of Drugs. The
 Law is but a Cookery of Quibbles and
 Contentions. (a) * * * * *

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* * * * * is but a Pudding of * * * * *

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* * *. Some swallow every thing whole
 and unmix'd; so that it may rather be
 call'd a Heap, than a Pudding. Others
 are so squeamish, the greatest Mastership
 in Cookery is required to make the Pud-
 ding Palatable: The Suet which others
 gape and swallow by Gobs, must for these

(a) The Cat ran away with this part of the Copy, on which
 the Author had unfortunately laid some of Mother Crump's Sau-
 sages.

puny Stomachs be minc'd to Atoms; the Plums must be pick'd with the utmost Care, and every Ingredient proportion'd to the greatest Nicety, or it will never go down.

The Universe it self is but a Pudding of Elements. Empires, Kingdoms, States and Republicks are but Puddings of People differently made up. The Celestial and Terrestrial Orbs are decypher'd to us by a pair of Globes or Mathematical Puddings.

The Success of War and Fate of Monarchies are entirely dependant on Puddings and Dumplings: For what else are Cannon-Balls, but Military Puddings; or Bullets, but Dumplings; with this Difference only, they do not sit so well on the Stomach as a good Marrow-Pudding or Bread-Pudding.

In short, There is nothing valuable in Art or Nature, but what, more or less, has an Allusion to Pudding or Dumpling. Why then should they be held in Disesteem? Why should Dumpling-Eating be ridicul'd, or Dumpling-Eaters derided? Is it not pleasant and profitable? Is it not Antient and Honourable? Kings, Princes, and Potentates have in all Ages been Lovers of Pudding. Is it not therefore
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of Royal Authority? Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests and Deacons, have, Time out of Mind, been great Pudding-Eaters: Is it not therefore a Holy and Religious Institution? Philosophers, Poets, and Learned Men in all Faculties, Judges, Privy Councillors, and Members of both Houses, have, by their great Regard to Pudding, given a Sanction to it that nothing can efface. Is it not therefore Antient, Honourable, and Commendable?

Quare itaque fremuerunt Auctores?

Why do therefore the Enemies of good Eating, the Starve-gutted Authors of *Grub-street*, employ their impotent Pens against Pudding and Pudding-headed, *alias* Honest Men? Why do they inveigh against Dumpling-Eating, which is the Life and Soul of Good-fellowship; and Dumpling-Eaters, who are the Ornaments of Civil Society?

But, alas! their Malice is their own Punishment. The Hireling Author of a late scandalous Libel, intituled, *The Dumpling Eater's Downfall*, may, if he has any Eyes, now see his Error, in attacking so numerous, so august a Body of People: His Books remain Unfold, Unread, Unregarded; while this Treatise of
mine

mine shall be bought by all who love Pudding or Dumpling ; to my Bookseller's great Joy, and my no small Consolation. How shall I triumph, and how will that Mercenary Scribler be Mortify'd, when I have sold more Editions of my Books, than he has Copies of his ? I therefore exhort all People, Gentle and Simple, Men, Women and Children, to buy, to read, to extol these Labours of mine, for the Honour of Dumpling-Eating. Let them not fear to defend every Article ; for I will bear them harmless : I have Arguments good store, and can easily Confute, either Logically, Theologically, or Metaphysically, all those who dare oppose me.

Let not *Englishmen* therefore be asham'd of the Name of *Pudding-Eaters* ; but on the contrary, let it be their Glory. For let Foreigners cry out ne'er so much against good Eating, they come easily into it when then have been a little while in our *Land of Canaan* ; and there are very few Foreigners among us who have not learn'd to make as great a Hole in a good Pudding or Sirloin of Beef, as the best *Englishman* of us all.

Why should we then be laugh'd out of Pudding and Dumpling ; or why
ridi-

ridicul'd out of good-Living? Plots and Politics may hurt us, but Pudding cannot. Let us therefore adhere to Pudding, and keep our selves out of Harm's Way; according to the Golden Rule laid down by a celebrated Dumpling-Eater now defunct;

Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er he says:

Sleep very much; Think little, and Talk less:

Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Right nor Wrong;

But Eat your PUDDING, Fool, and Hold your Tongue.

PRIOR.

The Author of these excellent Lines, not only shews his Wisdom, but his Good-Breeding, and great Esteem for the Memory of Sir John, by giving his *Poem* the Title of *Merry Andrew*, and making *Merry Andrew* the principal Spokesman: For if I guess aright, and surely I guess not wrong, his main Design was, to ascertain the Name of *Merry Andrew* to the *Fool* of a Droll, and to substitute it instead of *Jack Pudding*; which Name my Friend *Matt*, could not hear with Temper, as carrying with it

it an oblique Reflection on Sir *John Pudding* the Hero of this DUMPLEID.

Let all those therefore who have any Regard to Politeness and Propriety of Speech, take heed how they Err against this Rule, laid done by him who was the Standard of *English* Elegance. And be it known to all whom it may concern, That if any Person whatever, shall dare hereafter to apply the Name of *Jack Pudding* to *Merry Andrews* and such-like Creatures, I hereby Require and Impower any Stander or Standers by, to knock him, her, or them down. And if any Action or Actions of Assault and Battery, shall be brought against any Person or Persons so acting in pursuance of this most reasonable Request, by knocking down, bruising, beating, or otherwise demolishing such Offenders; I will Indemnify and bear them harmless.

F I N I S.



E

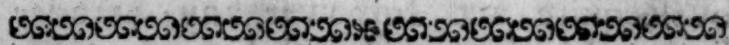
Namby



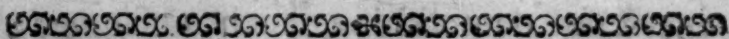
Namby Pamby :

O R,

A PANEGYRIC on the New Ver-
sification address'd to *A--- P---* Esq;



*Nauty Pauty Jack a-Dandy
Stole a Piece of Sugar-Candy,
From the Grocer's Shoppy-shop,
And away did Hoppy-hop.*



ALL ye Poets of the Age,
All ye Witlings of the Stage,
Learn your Jingles to reform;
Crop your Numbers and Conform;
Let your little Verses flow
Gently, Sweetly, Row by Row :
Let the Verse the Subject fit ;
Little Subject, Little Wit :
Namby Pamby is your Guide ;
Albion's Joy, Hibernia's Pride.

Namby

Namby Pamby Pilli-pifs,
 Rhimy pim'd on Missy-Miss;
Tartaretta Tartaree
 From the Navel to the Knee;
 That her Father's Gracy-Grace
 Might give him a Placy-Place.
 He no longer writes of Mammy
Andromache and her Lammy
 Hanging panging at the Breast
 Of a Matron most distrest.
 Now the Venal Poet sings
 Baby Clouts, and Baby Things;
 Baby Dolls, and Baby Houses,
 Little Misses, Little Spouses;
 Little Play-Things, Little Toys;
 Little Girls, and Little Boys:
 As an Actor does his Part,
 So the Nurses get by Heart
Namby Pamby's Little Rhimes,
 Little Jingle, Little Chimes,
 To repeat to Little Miss,
 Piddling Ponds of Pissy-Pifs;
 Cacking packing like a Lady,
 Or Bye-bying in the Crady.
Namby Pamby ne'er will die
 While the Nurse sings *Lullabye*.
Namby Pamby's doubly mild,
 Once a Man, and twice a Child;
 To his Hanging-Sleeves restor'd;
 Now he foots it like a Lord;

(*)

Now he pumps his little Wits;
Sh---ing Writes and Writing Sh--s,
All by little tiny Bits.

Now methinks I hear him say,
Boys and Girls come out to Play,
Moon do's shine as bright as Day.

Now my Namby Pamby's found
Sitting on the *Friar's Ground,*
Picking Silver, Picking Gold,
Namby Pamby's never old.

Bally-Cally they begin,
Namby Pamby still keeps in.

Namby Pamby is no Clown,
London-Bridge is broken down:

Now he courts the gay *Ladee,*
Dancing o'er the Lady-Lee:

Now he sings of *Lick-spit Liar*
Burning in the Brimstone Fire;

Lyar, Lyar, Lick-spit, lick,
Turn about the Candle-stick:

Now he sings of *Jacky Horner*
Sitting in the Chimney-Corner,

Eating of a Christmas-Pie,
Putting in his Thumb, Oh, fie!

Putting in, Oh, fie! his Thumb,
Pulling out, Oh, strange! a Plum.

And again, how *Nancy Cock,*
Nasty Girl! besb-t her Smock.

Now he acts the *Grenadier,*
Calling for a *Pot of Beer:*

Where's

Where's his Money? He's forgot:
 Get him gone, a Drunken Sot.
 Now on Cock-horse does he ride;
 And anon on Timber stride,
See-and-Saw and Sacch'ry down,
London is a gallant Town.
 Now he gathers Riches in,
 Thicker, faster, Pin by Pin;
Pins a-piece to see his Show;
 Boys and Girls flock Row by Row;
 From their Cloaths the Pins they take,
 Risque a Whipping for his sake;
 From their Frocks the Pins they pull,
 To fill *Namby's* Cushion full.
 So much Wit at such an Age,
 Does a Genius great presage,
 Second Childhood gone and past,
 Shou'd he prove a Man at last,
 What must Second Manhood be,
 In a Child so bright as he!

Guard him, ye poetic Powers;
 Watch his Minutes, watch his Hours:
 Let your Tuneful *Nine* inspire him;
 Let poetic Fury fire him;
 Let the Poets one and all
 To his Genius Victims fall.

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